

Wootton

THE

ZEPHYRUS

Astoria, Oregon



JANUARY 1913

C. V. Brown

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OUR OWN KITCHEN AND ARE CLEAN, WHOLE-
SOME AND DELICIOUS.

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THE RIME OF THE LITTLE (?) SHOES.

Nine little (?) pairs of shoes
Standing in the rain;
Girls searching high and low—
Efforts all in vain.

* * * *

Nine little (?) pairs of shoes
In an even row,
Spacious depths half filled with stones—
The other half with snow.

* * * *

Nine little (?) pairs of shoes!
Searching lasts an hour;
Girls are getting rather sore—
Thinking not about the shower.

* * * *

Nine little (?) pairs of shoes,
Found by girls malignant;
Sopping, dripping, soaking wet—
No wonder they're indignant.

Margaret Pinnell, '13.

The Zephyrus

January 1913

The Hurdler.

(In two parts—Part one.)

"Hello," said the honored secretary of the Amateur Athletic Union one morning as he was reading his paper, "another jail-break. These lax officials in our state prisons are an abomination. It seems that this chap was in for a term of fifteen years and has been acting so queerly for the last few years that the officials have thought of sending him to the insane asylum."

Later in the day the secretary's stenographer brought in the daily mail, which was very heavy because of the proximity of the great Olympic games at Berlin. Among the mass of letters was one which stated in an affidavit that the writer had run the 110 meter hurdles in fifteen and one-fifth seconds and that he would be willing to pay his own expenses to Berlin if he would be allowed to run. After a few minutes thought the secretary wrote to this anxious hurdler, assuring him that he would be entered in the meet.

Five days later, on board the special steamship which was to carry the athletics to the old country, a man with a very luxuriant head of brown hair and a pale, sickly, complexion, presented himself to the secretary and said he was the Mr. Varian who had offered to pay his own way. Nothing was thought of this rather strange appearing athlete, and as he never mixed with the other men of the team or trained on the running track while it was being used by anyone else, no one knew of his ability or prowess. Late one night, however, when Mr. Sullivan, the secretary, was out for a turn on the deck just before retiring, he saw the reticent Varian standing alone on the stern of the vessel looking back toward the distant shore of his native land. As he stood there apparently alone, he lifted his handsome head of hair and quietly scratched a closely cropped pate. This operation being completed, he carefully replaced his wig and resumed his thoughtful gazing.

A couple of weeks later, in a splendid stadium in the great German capital, a number of strong-lunged announcers called

"Last call for the first heat of trials for the 110-meter hurdle race." Our friend Varian and a number of other men of many nationalities arose from the benches and moved toward the white mark where the race was to start. Varian was the only American entered in this heat, and as he stood there he was the object of much interest from the American section. His wig was gone now, and his head was as slick as any billiard ball. His pallid face was in strong contrast to those of the other men, who had trained for months in the open air. The muscles of his shapely limbs, however, rippled smoothly and with pleasing effect beneath his pasty skin. In a few seconds the race was over, with the American winning easily. He repeated his performance in the semi-final race, and so earned for himself a place in the last and deciding race. After these two excellent performances many people were inclined to look upon him as a "find," while others pointed out that there were no great hurdlers in either of the two races that he had won, and that both had been won in the only fair time of fifteen and one-fifth seconds.

On the day of the final race the great stadium was taxed to its capacity, as this race was expected to prove to be the closest and most exciting of the meet. When the men took their places on the starting line there were two Americans. Kelly, who won the race at Stockholm in 1912, and our acquaintance of the shaved head; one Canadian, two Englishmen, a German, a Frenchman and a Swede. All but Varian were men of world-wide reputation and of unquestioned ability; so that Varian was generally conceded to have no chance at all of placing. After a few words of instruction the men took their places and waited for the start. As the commands "On your mark" and "Get set" were given it was noticed that the American took a different position for the start than any of the other runners, and even different from the one he had used in the other races. A murmur of surprise and derision went through the whole Assembly. What could a poor unknown hope to do against the flower of the world? He even was going to start in a manner different from that which had for years been accepted by all trainers and runners over the world! The pistol spoke sharply and all those splendid runners were off together. A hurdle race is the prettiest one on the program of sports, and this was the finest hurdle race that had ever been run. Varian led at the first hurdle, at the second his lead was greater. He ran with

a stride and leap that seemed to put the other men to shame. He just touched each hurdle, but not hard enough to tip it over. His very form in taking the obstacles was different from that of the others. Varian flashed along, he was far in advance of the other runners. A murmur swept through the crowd again, but this time it was of admiration, and not of scorn. Another second and Varian broke the tape. A few more and the other runners came straggling in, as badly defeated as they would have beaten the average school boy. The crowd went wild. They yelled and even wept. American and European alike, they cheered and cheered again. At last, when they could be heard, the announcers cried that the American had won the race in **twelve and one-fifth seconds!** There could be no doubt as to the accuracy of the time, all the watches showed the same. The time was two and four-fifth seconds better than the world's record established by Smithson at London in 1908. A miracle, surely.

(Concluded Next Issue)

The Chemist

Who comes with pencil sharpened keen,
With apron long, and sober mien,
With crucible, retort, balance and weight,
With his glass polished bright to prevent mistake?
The Chemist.

Who sets up his apparatus, bends his spine;
Watches the reaction for some time
Then, waving his arms at a rapid rate,
Yells, "Pour in some acid for goodness (?) sake?"
The Chemist.

Who raves and snorts like one insane,
Jumps in the air and tears his mane
Whenever he sees his students taking
Liberties with his cherished "makings?"
The Chemist.

Who "paws" the air with smothered rage,
Glances in haste over the figured page,
And with patience quite out of joint
Begins the experiment at the starting point?
The Chemist.

Who glares at you, till your temperature falls,
When you break your apparatus, test tubes and all,
And gives your spine the frigid chills,
When you "kick" on paying the "extra bill?"
The Chemist.

Who deals in figures quite profuse,
Tells you the elements are running loose,
Makes you work hard equations by night at home,
And taste solutions till your mouth begins to foam?
The Chemist.

Who always has a way to fill
The wants of men, and then pays the bill,
And draws from the universe minerals and "weeds"
To satisfy the nation's needs?
The Chemist.

Who after all demands our highest praise,
In spite of his "funny" ways,
While others enjoy all the gain,
That springs from his "prolific" brain?
The Chemist.

But in time, when science rules the mind,
He'll be hailed a blessing to mankind,
And from the ungrateful world will win
The praise and honor due to him.
The Chemist.

A. F., '13.

A Harrowing Tale

"Oh, girls, don't you feel just in the mood for ghost stories? If there ever was a night to tell spooky tales, this certainly is the night. Oh, do let's tell some," and Sue perched herself on the table and proceeded to settle down for a long visit.

"Yes, do," I echoed, with a shiver, as I sorrowfully remembered the warm covers from under which I had just emerged to fulfill the duties of a hostess.

"Oh, that's just the thing, and anyway as Seniors there is an obligation we owe to every new girl, and that is to amuse her on the first night of her arrival. Herewith we shall proceed to sub-

due your high spirits, Miss Brown. 'A little frightening now and then is relished by the wisest men,' you know," cried Bets in a loud whisper, as she calmly poised her piece of cake on the tips of her fingers.

"Oh, you can't scare me," cried I, trying to run that old and worn-out bluff, altho the strangeness of my new domicile was beginning to bear upon me.

"Oh, Bets, tell that story of the hearse, you know how spooky that is," cried Kathryn, making herself comfortable on the bed. And herewith Elizabeth in sepulchral tones told this tale:

"Late one dark night as a beautiful young girl was on her way home, a scream, seemingly coming from directly behind her, broke the stillness of the air. She quickly looked around, and as she did so, she caught a fleeting glimpse of a white hearse disappearing in the distance, but, seeing or hearing nothing regarding the mysterious scream, she went her way and thot no more of it. But the next day she saw the same hearse at precisely the same time and at precisely the same place, much to her wonderment. On the third day by some strange streak of fate she again happened to be on the same spot at the same time of night, and lo! the white hearse swept past her as before, and the girl gave one cry and fell dead on the spot.

* * * * *

It was at breakfast the next morning that the first of the series of my excitements began. Altho the harrowing tale of the night before had badly frightened me, as we sat down to breakfast that morning nothing was further from my thoughts. The odor of the hot coffee and buns fragranting the air and the laughing, chattering girls all around me created such an atmosphere of homeness that the feeling of strangeness which had hitherto held possession of me, seemed to leave me, and I was beginning to really enjoy myself, when, glancing out of the window, before me I saw an object that so startled me that I dropped my fork with a crash to the floor. Was I to be made the victim of another such tale as I'd heard the night before? Was the hearse of that tale to haunt me as it did that other poor soul? My eyes seemed glued to the window until that awful white thing disappeared from my sight. Just then my neighbor addressed a remark to me, and the incident passed out of my mind.

But the next morning I recalled it, and laughing to myself, I

glanced out of the window again, wondering at my foolishness. Can you imagine my surprise and terror at seeing this ghastly white hearse glide past my gaze a second time?

This time I was truly frightened, and I could not jokingly turn it aside do what I would. The next day it seemed to me, would be the end of everything. Oh, if it would only come and put an end to my suspense! One cannot imagine what I endured during the time that elapsed from that morning until the next one.

At last, after endless waiting, I appeared at the breakfast table on that eventful third day. I heard some one mention the fact that I was looking pale, and they wondered if I was home-sick. I didn't have the strength to deny it, all I could do was to force a smile to my lips, as all the while I was trying to bring myself to look at the window, and likewise to meet my fate. With a supreme effort I lifted my eyes to the window.

The white hearse drove past as before! I grasped my chair in my agony, trying to stifle the scream that rose to my lips. I felt myself letting go of everything, my senses reeled, my staring eyes were glued on the vanishing white hearse; slowly I felt myself being lifted from the awful clutches of death, as before my blurred vision these words were formed:

"We deliver fresh bread and pastry every morning."

C. Fulton.

When the Nile Claimed His Bride

A murky darkness prevailed throughout the palace. A silence unbroken save for the sobs which rose from the people in the streets below, threw its depressing pall throughout the spacious halls and corridors. The servants of the king, all except Tahor, the flutist, glided cat-like and fearful along the marble floors, or whispered to each other. Tahor sat in the garden idling with his flute. He alone in all the realm was happy. Yes, Tahor was happy, for he loved Rā, and Rā was his, never to be taken away. But no one saw or heard Tahor, and no one heeded Rā, the little dancing girl, crouching pale and dry-eyed in her corner, and thinking, as everyone else, only of the princess whom the Nile had claimed as his bride.

For every year the lusty river rose higher and higher from his

banks in search of his bride. Only could he be satisfied, and only could the nation be saved from destruction by giving him one of the fairest maids of all Egypt. And this year the lot had fallen to Ahura, the princess. Kheper-pa-ra, the king, lie broken-hearted on his couch and the princess sat moaning in the court, surrounded by her weeping slaves. Only Ră, the dancer, sat thinking in the shadow till the cool night breeze fanned her hot cheeks and the silver moon played with its shimmering reflection in the river beyond the palace gardens. Then she softly rose and, unnoticed, slipped through the open portal. She paused and smiled at the beautiful night.

"No," she sighed, "the princess shall not die! The Nile shall lose his strength and shall be cheated of his prize." Then lightly she ran down the garden path. No one but Tahor, playing in the rushes on the river's bank, and the princess, looking through the latticed window, saw her. She knelt by the treacherous waters' side, tossed a spray about her head and laughed. She smiled at the river; waved her arms and beckoned to him; then, in the glimmering moonlight, softly crooning a song, she danced to the Nile. Tahor, in the shadows, caught the rhythm of her feet, and spell-bound, blew a silver melody on his flute.

The dancer flashed along the banks of the river, and he covetously crept closer about her feet. She bent low over the water and waved her gleaming arms in the moonlight, swayed among the rushes, and nodded and smiled at the reflection of the twinkling stars. The Nile, enchanted by her beauty, sent little waves in her wake along the silver sands. She ventured near the very brink and he drew back lest she should stop. She stooped and kissed the lotus buds and entwined them about her head and threw them into the air. And the bosom of the mighty water rose and swelled in its course.

Then cautiously and gracefully she danced onward toward the water's edge, and the fascinated Nile rippled and receded before her white feet. On and on she danced, while the breeze played with her hair and blew the perfume of the lotus onward over the river. He went slowly backward, down and down his banks, until, enchanted, he stood in his place, leaving the land safe and free from its tide. Then Ră, triumphant over her power, waved and smiled a farewell to him. But the river, seeing that he was

about to lose her, with a last effort reached up and clasped her in his arms, drawing her down, down in his embrace.

She raised her arms to push him off and Tahor, playing on the shore, saw her white arms gleam in the moonlight; saw the treacherous river kiss the red lips that had smiled to him, and then the eyelids; saw him caress her dark hair, then draw her down to the depths of his bosom. The river receded to his normal place, and the lotus blossoms floated to his feet.

But Tahor played on and on, for he fancied he saw the waving hands and dancing feet of his love when the wind rippled the surface of the water. His flute moaned, and with his aching heart he played to the rhythm of his fancied visions.

The princess came softly to his side and touched his shoulder, but Tahor dumbly bowed his head and played on and on. He had exchanged his happiness for the grief of the nation.

Dorothy Epping, '13.

Here's to the "Joke Editor." May he live to be as old as his jokes. Drink it dry.—Ex.

D. D.—"DeWitt, didn't you have my Latin translation?"

D. G. (Absent minded.)—"What? Have your goat?"

D. D.—"No, my pony."

Mr. J. (To D. M. after a passionate outbreak.)—"A soft answer turneth wrath."

D. M.—"Oh mush!"

Mary had a little lamb,
For which she didn't care;
She cut the wool from off its back—
It's now a little bear.—Ex.

Mr. Johnston.—"Who conquered Babylon?"

No answer.

Mr. Johnston repeats question sternly.

Fresh.—"I didn't do it, sir, I just come to school today."

"I'm stuck on the 14th problem, Miss Badollet."

"Is that so? I'm glad you like it."

THE ZEPHYRUS

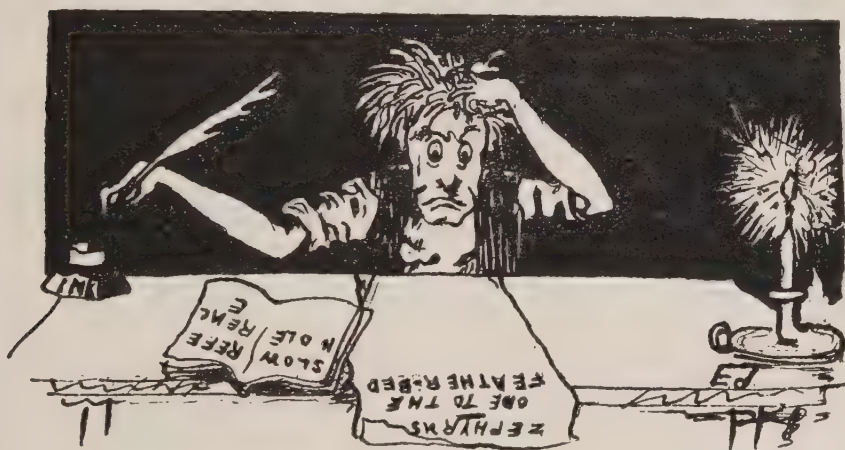
Published monthly by the Students of the Astoria High School, Astoria, Oregon

Vol. 2. No. 4.

*Entered as second class matter, March 15, 1912. at the Postoffice at Astoria, Oregon
under act of March 3rd, 1879.*

TOVERI PRESS 10th & DUANE STS.

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EDITORIALS.

Some of the students of the high school are laboring under the impression that only the STAFF are to write for the Zephyrus. This is radically wrong, and we wish you to cease to think it true. The duty of the editors is to write up their respective departments. Now what we want is your co-operation. The Zephyrus is your paper. Short stories, essays, poems, are greatly needed. Remember, students, it's quality, not quantity, that counts. Of course the contributing of an article may perhaps mean a slight sacrifice of time on your part, but nevertheless you cannot expect to accom-

plish anything in this life without some personal inconvenience now and then.

Now is the time to put your "high school spirit" into practice. Seniors, have you anything to suggest? This is your last year in which you may help the Zephyrus. Juniors, let us hear from you, and we will listen to your sophistical boastings. Sophomores, now YOU have a chance to display your intellectual ability. Freshmen, unfathom your hidden treasure of literary skill and show us that you are not so green as the upper classmen think you are.

Now, students, help us along. This is an appeal to each and all.

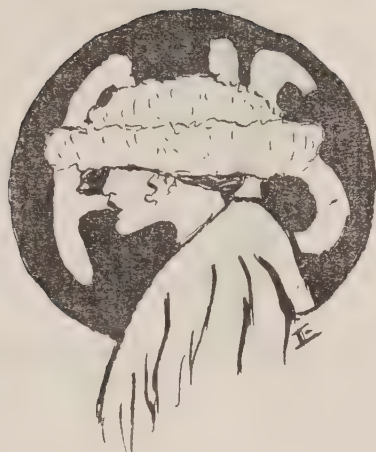
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To the members of our football team we wish to express our appreciation of the good work done during the past football season. We realize how hard you have practiced during the long months from September to January. We realize, too, that you have ably upheld the honor of the Astoria High School. But you could not have done this alone, it is to Coach Rogers that much of your success is due. He has toiled unceasingly in perfecting his team, and his results deserve our highest praise.

* * * *

Many students have the habit of complaining to teachers about their monthly grades. They do not realize that grades are, at best, only an approximation of their work. No teacher can tell exactly what each student knows, they can merely judge from the manner in which he expresses himself. You are not here to get grades—you are here to learn. If you should induce the teacher to raise your grade you alone are deceived, your class-mates judge you by the work you do—not by your grades. The teacher keeps a systematic record of your daily grades, and is a better judge of your powers than you yourself are. Different teachers have different methods of grading, therefore do not compare your grades. So, students, when you consider your grades low smile and give the teacher the benefit of the doubt. It saves work for the teacher and preserves your self respect—don't be a "kicker."

A. H. S. CALENDAR



Dec. 6.—Trophy cup won by the Forum.

Dec. 9.—Chem. papers back. Agony in Senior class.

Dec. 10.—Ivor desires to know how one may fall in love. (Experience is the best teacher.)

Dec. 11.—Modesty prevaieth in the gym!

Dec. 12.—No chem. or physics.

Dec. 13.—Reports expected, but—

Dec. 16.—It is generally agreed that blue rings are not conducive to cheerfulness.

Dec. 17.—A little gray mouse appears in the study room. Who said girls were afraid?

Dec. 18.—Rain! Ditto!! Ditto!!! and then some.

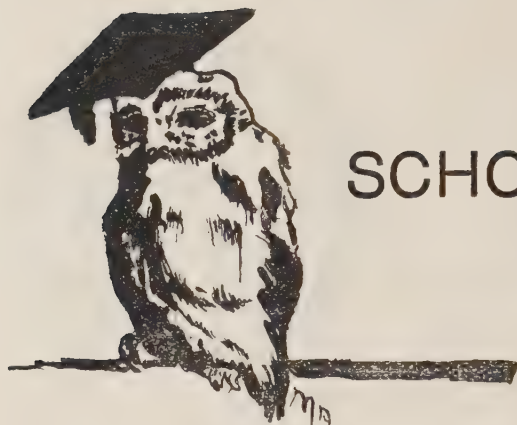
Dec. 19.—Heard in the boys' cloakroom: "Gee, it's funny how little hair those Senior girls have when they let it hang!"

Dec. 20.—Nothing exciting happens, but everyone on "pins and needles"—last day of school before the holidays.

Jan. 6.—New heating apparatus proves a work of art.

Jan. 7.—'Rah! No test this month in chem. or physics.

Jan. 8.—The second division of chem. has an excellent recitation—after school.



SCHOOL NOTES



(By Arthur Fertig.)

The Pacific University Glee Club.

On Friday, December twentieth, Astoria had the pleasure of hearing the splendid program given by the Glee Club of the Pacific University. Friday afternoon the Male Quartet and Mr. House came before the Student Body and gave us a few samples of their "show," and as all good samples should, they had a good effect, and that evening the house was crowded.

The selections given by the orchestra were well rendered, and both the male quartets were good. The solos by Miss Peterson were pleasing and Mr. McNeill has one of the best voices Astoria has heard for some time. Mr. House pleased the crowd greatly with his readings, while Miss Peterson and Miss Lowell, assisted by the male quartet, captured the prize with their "A Comedy of Errors." The following program was rendered:

Part I.

The Artist's Life Strauss
Orchestra.

(a) To You Oley Speaker
(b) Vainka's Song Strutzman
Miss Peterson.

(a) "Far Above Pacific's Waters" Selected
(b) "Wanted, A Wife" Frank Lyons
(c) "Lucky Jim" Selected

- (d) "Down Mobile" Selected
Male Quartet.
Valse Triste (violin) Sibilens
Miss Lowell.
(a) Violets Ellen Wright
(b) Nut-brown Maid Selected
Ladies' Quartet.
On the Road to Mandalay Speaker
Mr. McNeill.

Part II.

- Les Platineurs Waldtenfel
Orchestra.
Sammy and Tildy's Courtship,
..... Miss Peterson and Mr. McNeill
"A Comedy of Errors"
..... Misses Peterson and Lowell and Male Quartet
(a) The Cat With a Baritone Voice Chas. Scott
(b) Ching-a-ling Selected
Male Quartet.
Cyclopedy Fielder
Mr. House.
Nursery Rhymes Double Quartet



Gilbert. (Solving problem in geom.)—"I've got it!"
Roberts.—"You have—bad?"

Query—Who is Griffin's best girl now?

"Why do we put a hyphen in bird-cage?"
"That is for the bird to sit on."—Ex.

Emma.—"What is the psychological term for snoring?"
Dorothy.—"Sheet music."

ATHLETICS

By Martin Nelson.

FOOTBALL

South Bend H. S. vs. Astoria H. S.

Soon after the return of the team from the valley trip a game with South Bend, Washington, was scheduled. South Bend is the champion of Southwest Washington, and came to Astoria with the reputation of having defeated all the teams in their part of the state.

Astoria was anxious to meet the invaders, and it may now be admitted that the boys from Washington had the home team frightened alright. Astoria expected a hard and close game, but were disappointed in the walkover that followed, as the visitors lost by a score of 43 to 0.

A fairly good crowd turned out to witness the game, as the weather was clear and cool. The field was in exceptionally fine condition and permitted many trick plays to be executed.

All-Stars vs. Astoria High.

The treasury of the school was running low by this time, due to the expenses incurred for coaching, for playing out-of-town teams, for advertising, etc., so a game with the All-Star eleven of Astoria was arranged.

This team consisted of old-time phenomenal players, such as Roxy Graham, Malagamba, Ted Sutton and Jack Ray. All these had won fame for Astoria by their brilliant playing while members of the old Commercial Club. During the year of 1904 they defeated every team they played, and won the independent championship of Oregon. At that time our high school football players were small toddlers, and they looked up to the great huskies as the greatest team of the world. Time had so changed the "babes" that Coach Rogers was able to pit a formidable adversary against the veterans.

A contrast of the old game with the revised rules of the new

was a noticeable feature of the contest. The All-Stars used the plunging tactics throughout, while the striplings of the High School aggregation used all forms of shifts, passes and trick plays, and to this alone may be attributed the fact that the Astoria lads held them to a tie—no score.

This game was a week after the South Bend game and was favored by the same fine weather that prevailed throughout the week.

* * *

Football was to have closed at the finish of the All-Star game, and accordingly the players turned over their suits to be laid away until next year. But soon news was received from a Chicago team which was coming westward, and that games were desired with Boise High School, with Washington High, of Portland, and with Astoria High. A guarantee of \$1,000.00 was asked from each of the first two named and \$500.00 from Astoria. These guarantees were made by the three schools.

On Christmas day the Easterners played Boise and were defeated by the score of 6 to 0. The game was played on an ice-covered field.

At Portland the Chicago champions also succumbed to Coach Earl's proteges, with the score 39 to 0.

Their treatment at the hands of the Astoria team was less harsh, not worthy of mention, according to our own version of the game, as the field on the hill proved an immense factor, since it harmoniously combined with the visitors' style of play. They neatly defeated us by the up-to-date score of 13 to 0.

The game was exciting from start to finish, each team playing with all possible vim in hope of winning. Chicago scored a touchdown in the second quarter, and one in the last quarter. They failed to kick one goal, making the score 13 to 0.

The Chicago team was of average weight, and used many trick plays to good advantage. Astoria failed in two tries at field goals; executed the forward pass successfully four times, and punted to safety from behind their goal line three times.

Chicago had a clean bunch of athletes and were champions of the Interscholastic League, of Chicago. Their captain said, "Had we met either Boise or Washington High on a good and fast field like this one we would have held them to a no score, and would possibly have defeated them."

It is the first time that the football patrons of Astoria have been given an opportunity of witnessing a game in which an Eastern school was a participant. This fact was made evident by the large crowd which attended the game.

All possible courtesy was shown the visitors, and they seemed to appreciate it to the fullest extent. The coach and players said that they were given the best reception by Astoria of all three cities visited while on the tour.

Financially the game was a great success, some money being left after all expenses had been paid. No serious fatalities occurred although Planting received a bruised lip and Captain Sanders a wrenched knee.

Furney and Sanders were the stars of the game for Astoria, while Koeler and Pettybridge shown for the Eastern high school.

The lineup was: Planting, center; Backlund, J. Anderson and Halson, right guards; A. Anderson, right tackle; Fertig, right end; Billie, left guard; Ekstrom, left tackle; ~~Sanderson~~ Sanders and Malarkey, left end; Malagamba, quarter; Nelson, right half; ~~Torkelson~~ Sanders, full back, and Furney, left half.

In addition to the above, those receiving "A" sweaters are Burns, McConnon and Reifle.

BASKET BALL.

The beginning of December witnessed the first turnout of the basket ball aspirants. Practice was begun under the tutorship of Mr. Swank.

Bennie Burns was elected manager of the team at the opening of the semester. He arranged a game with the Alderbrook quintet, champions of last year. The game was played in the Moose Hall. A goodly number of followers were present to cheer their respective players on to victory.

The first half was the most intense and exciting, as the lead went from one side to the other, and each time by a single point. The score was 11 to 10 at the beginning of the second half. But from then on the High School played with better teamwork and guarded so closely that they didn't allow but two baskets and no fouls, while they made 20 points in the second half. Final score—35 to 15. Burns, Furney and Billie played a star game, while the work of Sanders was a close second to that of their teammates.

The lineup was: forwards, Furney and Burns; guards, Gerd-
ing and Sanders; center, Billie.

* * * *

Inter-society basket ball has witnessed a keen rivalry and an
enthusiastic turnout of the supporters of each society.

The games have been played each week on Friday after school
and have taken place in this order:

Dec. 13.—Forum 10; Wauregan 4.

Dec. 20.—Adelphian 9; Wauregan 7.

Dec. 20.—Alfredian 10; Forum 7.

*Call Mr. Rodgers for
correct line up.*



Mr. Swank.—“Kinney, I’m ashamed of you, at your age I
could have read twice as well as you.”

Kinney.—“Yes, but you had a different teacher.”

Mr. Swank.—“What is an optimist?”

Bright Freshie.—“An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is
thankful that he is not bow-legged.”

Mr. R.—“Ever dress chickens?”

Mr. G.—“No, all my children were boys.”—Ex.

SOCIETIES



On December 20th the Christmas meeting of the Alfredian Society was held in their regular society room. The election of a manager for the boys' basketball team and the captain for the girls' team took place. Robert Malarkey was elected to fill the place of boys' manager, and Gladys Pearson, girls' captain.

A program consisting of: Debate:—Resolved, that the Santa Claus myth should be abolished. Affirmative, Tyne Paldanis and Lawrence Chellis; negative, Elizabeth Moore and Nancy Morrison.

Oration, Sam Vaninice.

Vocal solo, May Monroe.

Christmas recitation, Euphum Lugnet, was admirably rendered, after which a number of visitors spoke to the society.

Christmas greetings were received from the Adelphian, Forum and Wauregan societies.

Forum Notes.

The Forum society held its regular monthly meeting on the 20th day of December. A most interesting program was given, as follows:

Piano solo—Claudia Malarkey.

Debate—Resolved that the Chinese should be excluded from our country."

Political speech—William Kinney.

Humorous recitation—Wetzel Griffin.

The number deserving special mention was the piano solo given by Claudia Malarkey, which was excellently rendered.

Adelphian Notes.

The Adelphians held the last meeting of the old year on Friday, December 20. After the usual preliminaries, George McConnon



was appointed representative of the society to extend the holiday greetings to the other societies. The following program was then rendered:

Recitation—Margaret Neilson.

Reading—Albert Nikka.

Declamation—Jalmer Wilson.

Xmas Customs—Albert Gragg.

Recitation—Vivian Sutti.

Recitation—Martha Larsen.

Jokes—Marguerite Pinnell.

Xmas Story—Clara Pederson.

Proclamation—Alfred Anderson.

Debate—Resolved that the Santa Claus myth should be abolished. Affirmative, Emily Sanders and Quong Sing; negative, Weina Granberg and Floyd Reith.

After the completion of the program, a treat, in the form of large baskets full of peanuts, was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone, except, perhaps, the janitor.

There seems to be almost a total lack of interest on the part of the Adelphean girls in basket ball this year. We have good material, and with a little practice we could have a team that would fill us with pride. Should we stand back, girls, and let the other societies carry away all the honors, without even trying to defeat them? Wake up, girls, and take an interest in this chance to prove what you can do.

Wauregan Notes.

The Wauregan society met December 20th in Miss Badollet's room. After the reading of the minutes a paper was passed around and signed by those who expected to attend the New Year's football game. The following program was rendered:

Recitation—Rose Aviana.

Christmas Reading—Lum Chack.

Song, by the Wauregan Quartett: Timon Torkelson, Alfred Gerding, Arthur Fertig and Lloyd Hammerstrom.

Recitation—Helen Hay.

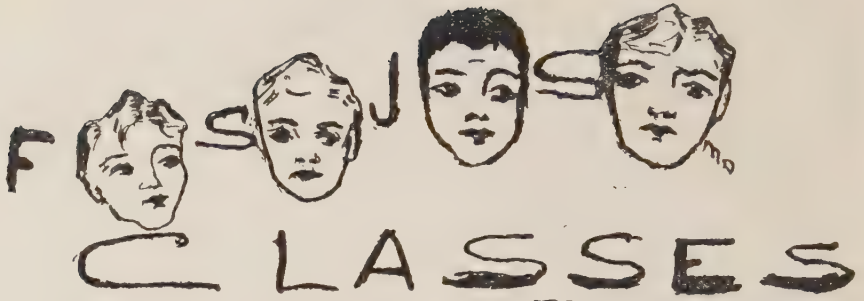
Music—Maude Larsen.

Christmas paper—Anna Heikkila.

Current Events—Acme Manskar.

Special Work—Ethyl Rich.

The meeting adjourned with the Wauregan song.



SENIOR NOTES.

(By Hilda Peterson.)

Now that the football season is over, the Seniors are taking an interest in basketball. Some of the boys belong to the society teams and the regular High School team. These teams have already had games, in which the Seniors have done excellent work. The girls are practicing vigorously, but have not yet entered into games. The Seniors have excellent material also among the girls, and they will form a strong factor in the teams of the different societies.

The two Seniors trying out for membership on the regular debating teams of the High School were chosen as alternatives.

As there have been so many vacations this term the Seniors have been kept busy studying to make up for them, that they have had no time for other functions. During the next term, as it is their last one in the High School, the Seniors will plan and take part in bigger doings. As a whole, this term has seemed very short to the Seniors.

JUNIOR NOTES.

(By Ella Staples.)

Junior meetings have been noticeable lately by their scarcity. Only one meeting was held during the last month, on January 9th. At this meeting plans were suggested for raising money, and several were accepted as possible and perhaps will be put into effect this semester.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

(By Helen Dahlgren.)

Now that the football season has come to an end much interest is being shown in basketball. Many are turning out for positions

on the teams and considerable competition exists.

Out of the four members who comprise our interscholastic debating teams, there are three Sophomores. These are Asta Carlson, Jessie Garner, and Lorenz Logan.

FRESHMAN NOTES.

(By George Anderson.)

The Freshman class held a meeting on the tenth of January for the purpose of levying a class tax.

Mr. Johnson, (when no one answers his questions in History II.) "I think I will have to make your marks with a compass."



A. A.—"Hear about the accident?"

M. P.—"No, what was it?"

A. A.—"Gerding fell on a dollar and broke it up—small change."

Miss W. (In English VII.)—"Name the best book you have ever read."

C. S. (Hesitating.)—"Scott's Emulsion."—Ex.

Mr. Johnston. (In History VI.) "Martin where else is cotton raised besides in the southern states?"

M. N.—"It is also raised in India and in the Northern part of Norway."

Mr. J.—"Whoever heard of cotton being raised in Norway?"

M. N.—"Well, I was raised there, almost."



ALUMNI NOTES



(By Dorothy Dunbar.

Alfred A. Cleveland, 1894, has charge of the Department of Sociology in Washington Agricultural College, at Pullman.

Mrs. Chas. Chessman, (Violet Bowlby), 1895, resides at Lewiston, Idaho.

Mrs. F. H. Haradon, (Sue Elmore), 1896, is visiting her sister in Oshkosh, Wisconsin.

Kate Sinnot, 1896, is teaching in Portland.

Elizabeth Busey, 1898, is book-keeper for Ross, Higgins & Co., of this city.

William J. Gray, 1899, is in the grocery business in Pendleton.

Alvin Campbell, 1903, is living in Portland.

Mrs. Gamble, (Ethel Timmons), 1903, of Bandon, Ore., visited in Astoria during the Christmas holidays.

Mervyn Lounsberry, 1904, is assistant inspector of the new dam that is being constructed by the City Water Department.

Lois Carnahan, 1905, resides in Portland.

Annie Bergman, 1906, is teaching school in Elgin, Wash.

Percy Tagg, 1907, is a dentist in San Francisco.

Mary E. Kelly, 1909, is attending the Normal School at Monmouth.

Edythe Ross, 1910, is teaching near Portland.

Violet Lockhard, 1911, is attending the California State Normal School, in San Jose.

Lennah Parker, 1911, is taking training for a nurse in a Seattle hospital.

Wallace Eakin and William Wootton, 1912, are members of Avava House at the University of Oregon.

Other Jeffers, 1912, is a recent graduate from the Astoria College. She completed the course in a very short time.



Exchanges

The Voice, New London, N. H.—Both the November and December numbers were interesting. But a few more cuts would help your paper.

The Cadet, San Diego.—Each issue shows an improvement.

The Spectrum, Jefferson, H. S., Portland.—You have good material in your paper. "If you should happen to be a fat man" is a good, humorous story.

The Clarion, Salem, Ore., is a well edited paper.

The Kuay, Queen Anne High, Seattle.—One of our best exchanges. It reflects your school spirit, which every paper should do.

The Wigwam, North Yakima, Wash.—Good editorials, but a lack of cuts.

We are always glad to receive the Tahoma. It is beyond a doubt our best exchange. The literary department is excellent and the cuts original.

The Toka, Grant's Pass, Ore.—A more attractive cover design is needed.

The Mirror, Wilbur, Ore., is a good paper. There could be an improvement in the literary and joke departments.

We can tell from the St. Helen's Hall Quarterly that there is something doing in your school.

Crimson and Gray, Waitsburg, Wash.—The same can be said of your paper as of the Mirror.

The Pacific Star, Mt. Angel College.—Your cover design is both appropriate and attractive. On the whole it is a neat edition.

The What Not, Milton, Ore.—Your cuts are fine, but there should be more material under "Class Notes."

We like the Norm, a well gotten up paper with dandy stories.

The December issue of the Columbiad contains some good short verses.

Oregon Monthly, U. of O.—Has a department found in no other paper, "Short Stories."

The Willamette College is a good college newspaper.

WHO'S WHO AND WHY.

(By Dorothy Montgomery and Constance Fulton.)

"Hello people."

"Say, who's that kid anyhow?" cried Miss New Here, as Dorothy saluted us as she passed down the hall.

"'Kid?' you say," repeated our representative, shuddering in his boots, "you'd better not let Miss E. hear that. Why, she is a dignified Senior, my dear."

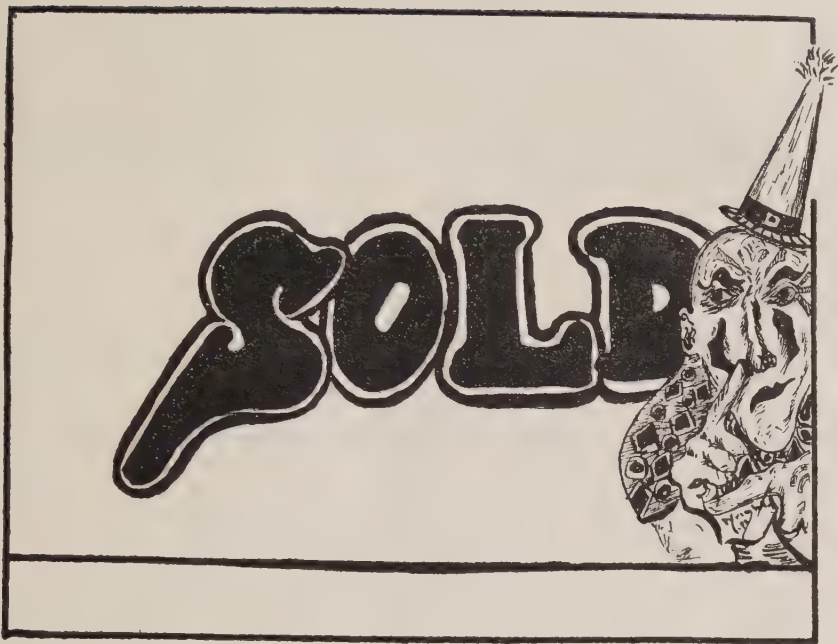
"Well, she looks like a pile of fun—what there is of her."

"Yes, D. Epping is our Hood River specimen. You know Hood River, the place where the peaches grow as well as apples. Dorothy intends to graduate this June, and then she plans to make a name for herself as an artist. We think she would make far more of a success if she would try her terpsichorean art on us instead, as she can just dance her way into everyone's heart. As it is Miss Epping is one of our most talented students at the dear old A. H. S., and she is right there and ready to do or try anything from making faces to falling overboard when the occasion calls for it."

* * * *

The High School has discovered great dramatic ability in two of its members, namely Martin Nelson and Wetzel Griffin. Mr. Nelson was one of the leading players on the football team, but as the season is now over he and Mr. Griffin are thinking of going on the stage. They have given a few excellent productions, such as "The Hole in the Doughnut," "Try and Guess," and "What Street." The first of these is exceedingly thrilling and tragic and was originated by Mr. Griffin himself.

There is no doubt concerning the reception these two young gentlemen will receive upon their entering into the stage world. Their aforesaid ability and genius will smooth away all difficulties.



DeWitt.—“I have an idea.”

Geo. Garner.—“Treat it kindly, it’s in a strange place.”—Ex.

Skee.—“I want the life of Julius Caesar.”

Miss B.—“Sorry, Theron, but Brutus was ahead of you.”—Ex.

Janitor. (On being asked why the clock stopped.)—“Oh, a rat was found dead in it.”

J. M.—“No wonder it didn’t run. The engineer’s dead.”—Ex.

If some bright thought comes flittering
Through your very fertile brain,
Just drop it in the Zephyrus box—
And we’ll thank you just the same.

M. W.—“How did it happen that you became a tramp?”

Bo.—“You see, my doctor ordered me to take long walks after my meals, and I’ve been doing it ever since.”—Ex.

Freshie.—“Do you know where the Black Hills are?”

Prof.—“Yes, they’re in South Dakota.”

Freshie.—“Well, I’m de guy that painted them.”

Smith.—“Do you know who you are talking to?”

Erickson.—“No, who?”

Smith.—“Do you know George V., of England? Well, I'm his cousin, July IV.”—Ex.

Emma W.—“May I see you a moment?”

D. W. G.—“Sure, if you keep your eyes open.”

The High Cost of Living.

Small Boy. (At butcher shop.)—“Give me one cent's worth of sausage.”

Butcher.—“One cent's worth? Go over there and smell the hook.”—Ex.

M. A.—“What's that bump on your head?”

C. E.—“That's where a thought just struck me.”—Ex.

L. M.—“Zip! Bing! Bang! Whew!”

Mr. Johnston.—“What's the matter with you?”

L. M.—“Oh, I was just thinking what an awful time Columbus had in discovering America.”

Mr. J., in History VI.—“Who was the first Vice-President, James?”

J. M.—“Adams.”

Mr. J.—“Who was the President?”

J. M.—“Eve.”

I wonder where Mary has went,
She haint been sawn today.
I reckon the varmit has eten her up—
And drugged her body away.



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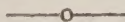
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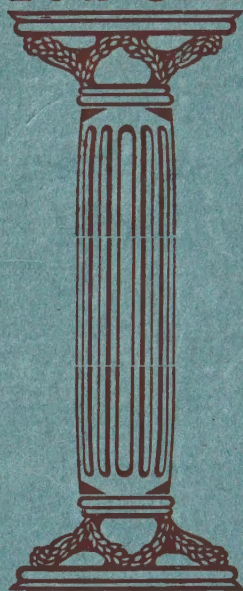
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